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SAINT LOUIS,  
THE  
FUTURE GREAT

BY

REV. GEO. A. WATSON.

The most intrusive sway of dumb creation, now forever passed:  
Succeeded by fair freedom's works, among earth's rarest beauties classed:  
To high perfection brought, completing gems in Future Great amassed

SAINT LOUIS, MO.

E. F. SAILOR, PRINTER, 915 N. SIXTH STREET.

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## PREFACE.

The following piece contrasts the past, with the present condition of St. Louis, and foreshadows the coming splendor, and the wide spread fame and influence, of the Future Great.

Even exclusive China gracefully yields to her supremacy. Saint Patrick, the spiritual Father of a never conquered people, averts its impending destruction, arising from moral causes.

Saint Louis, the Ruler of a warlike race, rescues it from the disastrous effects of a wasting conflagration.

### REMARKS.

Verses of considerable length have a 'caesural,' 'demi-caesural,' a 'sentential,' or a final pause, as in the 1st line of the piece: "Where once 'deceitful,' 'fleetest Indian,' and the wily' 'snake' were found."

In the 14th Couplet, the final pause rests on the word *mind*.

### THE AUTHOR.

See Bullion's English Grammar, seventieth Edition, p. 234.

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REV. GEO. A. WATSON,

In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

## SAINT LOUIS, THE FUTURE GREAT.

Where once, deceitful, fleetest Indian, and the wily snake were found,  
Where once th' all speed surpassing deer, sprang from the echo of his bound,  
There shall the Future Great in Annals erudite, be most renowned.

The e'er returning Panorama, never changed its tiresome view,  
The seasons came and passed, bright shining grass, it never changed its hue,  
The same events, recurring actions, their unvaried course renew.

Soon o'er this monotonic, weary scene, a pleasing change will come,  
The rapid, forceful progress of improvement, and its ceaseless hum,  
Shall rise in struggle rare, and mighty Ocean's murmur far outbum. <sup>(a)</sup>

Behold the blazing furnace, to its unexcelled perfection made,  
Where fiercest, raging fires, through undiminished months, have steady stayed,  
There once, resistless, sweeping prairie fires, their carnage burnt displayed.

Where once, harsh struck, the warwhoop's shrillest notes, on th' apprehensive ear,

Where once, forbidding rested, the primeval Chieftain's dreaded spear,  
There Churches grand, and Buildings proud, in dazzling splendor now appear,

Where once, the dusky Chieftain's most aggressive, death avenging dance,  
Sought victims to allay the bloody thirst, of his descending lance,  
There shall most agile Terpsichore, in mazy concert swift advance.

The highest point of greatness and perfection, has she nobly reached.  
Dull speculation's massive, crumbling walls, successful has she breached,  
The brightest honor of her merchant Kings, no man has yet impeached,

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(a)—To bum, to make a murmuring, or humming sound.

The Future Great ne'er wrought on adventitious, slipp'ry credit's base,  
She never agitated was, by advent of the days of Grace,  
Her honored promise given, unfulfilled, no man shall e'er replace.

When tiny streams enlarge the brooks, then these increase the rivers' speed,  
And they, in their unfailing, beneficial course, supply a need,  
To Commerce, an essential and enliv'ning force, by all agreed.

Admire Missouri River's unimpeded, rapid, headlong course,  
Now see resistless, how he flows triumphant, from his primal source,  
And most majestic sweeps before Mound City, to her claims enforce.

Upon his vast expanded bosom, proudest, grandest Navies ride,  
Of special favored this, and foreign, distant Nations' justest pride,  
In whose progressive wake, the trophies of enduring peace abide.

To her expansion, wildest, futile opposition, long has ceased,  
The loudest plaudits of admiring millions, sweetest, daily feast,  
Extended and enlarged, the Ocean's depths for her have much increased.

From far Wisconsin's frozen, dreary shore, to her the treasures flow,  
From most romantic Colorador, <sup>(b)</sup> where the brightest metals glow,  
From all surrounding nations, who cannot her master skill forego.

But what is paltry, enervating treasure's gain, beside the mind  
Elastic, which transcending matter's frail abode, may wisdom find,  
And joyous revel in the thoughts, by well instructed souls combined.

Amid such treasures in the Future Great, inquiring mind may spend,  
A precious hour's improving time, and truth destructive notions mend,  
By gifted books, embellished with the wisest thoughts, that we defend.

From China's flow'ry Kingdom, this important order quickly came:  
"Send us four hundred thousand boxes of th' electric, purest flame,  
And then, shall all th' applauding nations, your eternal praise proclaim.

Our ancient Annals speak about Chicago, *honest Traders'* bane,  
Were branded on their unprotected backs, the diff'rent grades of grain,<sup>(c)</sup>  
Her people were *surprising good*, most *queerly honest*, and profane.

Saint Louis is to us a distant, light diffusing, shiny star,  
With Pekin famous, our encircled, guarded Cities on a par,  
Chicago's light extinct, a warning to the nations from afar.

Republic stately, Post Dispatch, and fiery Democratic Globe,  
With Dixie's snow white cotton, and Saint Louis matchless, silken robe,  
Send us. Forget not Santa Fe's unequalled, useful, cheap abode.

That on a certain day in March, precise the seventeenth, they state,  
A man in costume strange appeared, and boldly struck the Golden Gate,  
Our truth imparting Annals further in the ages, brief relate."

The Golden Gate, it quickly yielded to th' undaunted Strangers'<sup>(d)</sup> stroke,  
Thus he, in terms emphatic, to th' assembled, awe-struck Fathers, spoke:  
"The bitter sentence of your condemnation passed, I here revoke."

In Erin's famine stricken time,<sup>(e)</sup> the boundless treasures of your love,  
You sent, then fleet ascended to the heav'nly Throne, the spotless dove,  
Your sins and crimes unnumbered, mounted to the Father's Throne above.

Th' almighty and avenging hand was raised, the blow was nearly dealed,  
Your unexpected, dread inspiring, cruel fate, was nearly sealed,  
In famine's garb, we solemn came, the Judge's wrath was all repealed.

From sordid pleasures' grovelling, soul destructive, most unchristian ways,  
Ascend to him, who passed and present, future ages, potent sways,  
The wicked to destruction drives, the good in endless bliss repays."

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(c)—The tanned hide of a Chicago Giant, 7 feet 7 inches tall, average circumference, 5 feet 5 inches, is carefully preserved in the Royal Museum. We have always regarded it as a most valuable historical Document. On it are branded four different periods of grain grades. Seldom, however, did the Traders fancy more than one impression of the Brands, as the operation was extremely painful. The Grades were not often changed.

(d)—Saint Patrick.

(e)—The great famine of 1847.

The Future Great, in pure religion's unadulterated rites,<sup>(6)</sup>  
In lofty virtue's highest, most heroic, peaceful, soothing flights,  
Safe places her supreme, unrivalled, everlasting, dear delights.

The Future Great, her vast enduring fame, remotest foreign lands  
Acknowledge, and most lawless, unabiding, fiercest savage bands,  
Are terror stricken, and obedience yield to her discreet commands.

Hers are th' enchanting, sweet attractive, gracious, lovely ways of peace.  
Inflicting justest judgment on the rich, there's none the poor to fleece,  
The bloody tyrant's supplicating slaves, undaunted dares release.

And bids them rise unconquered, to the noble freeman's happy state,  
So far removed from vilest serfdom's soul consuming, bitter hate,  
That thus exultant, may they freedom's favors to their sons relate.

From thraldom's soul repulsive, malediction's loathsome, cur-sed mire,  
To raise tormented, agonizing man, to be an honored Sire,  
What better, grander prize, could wild ambition's quenchless soul desire?

'Twere nobler far, to raise him high above himself, and earthly bliss,  
To love's ecstatic, peace enjoying, heav'nly Kingdom, surely this,  
Where love's unbroken feast secure, invading fear may all dismiss.

Most simple, unassuming, were the garments of the former race,  
Now hardly would they gain admission, to the knavish beggar's place,  
The shabby pauper's garb, knows not the Future Great, nor his disgrace.

It was a hazy, listless, dull November, sleep inducing day,  
A lurid glare, high over house and Marble Street, portentous lay,  
A mournful, thrice repeated signal, showed the flames in dread array.

Like thunder roar, the master fire exterminator of the age,  
Aloft, a tidal wave, hurled over highest dome. The flames, they rage  
Around the Council Hall, misfortune to famed Future Great, presage.

Augmented much, th' advancing flames increase, the Golden Gate they reach,  
Flames sweep from North to South, from East to West, in wildest fury each,  
Terrific falls the Golden Gate, the God of heav'n we now beseech.

The Future Great, what Hero's arm can save, the universal cry,  
From far horizon's farthest, utmost verge, a wondrous flame swept by,  
From it emerged a man, with whose behest, the raging flames comply.

Exhausted now, relentless fury spent, the dazzling Hero's crown,  
They cannot hear, much less Crusader's fierce restraining, deadly frown,  
A deaf'ning shout went up for Sainted Louis, of Crusade renown.













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